Volume X Chicago, Ill., May, 1933 Number 2

The Liberalist

Over the broad, open plain there blows a strong, steady wind. It never stops, it changes not. All over the plain there are men and women on their journeys. You can hear them: "This wind, this dreadful wind!" cries one, breathless and gasping. "How bitter it is, how cruel, how it hates me!"..... "The wind, this blessed wind!" cried another within hail of him. "How kind it is, how helpful, how it loves me!".....Are there two winds, or has the one fickle wind its favorites? No, the one constant wind is blowing steadily, and is no respector of persons.....One man has set his face against it, and the other is sailing with it.

—Phillips Brooks.

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Volume X Chicago, Ill., May, 1933 Number 2

THIS NUMBER OF THE LIBERALIST IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO—"OUR MOTHERS"

The Following Poems and Tribute Were Read In the Mother's Day Service at The Peoples Church—May 14th, 1933.

DEAR OLD MOTHERS

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair
And kindly eyes, and lips grown soft and sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
There is something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.

Time, with caressing touch about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech.

Old mothers!—as they pass with slow-timed step,
Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength.
Sweet mothers!—as they pass, one sees again
Old garden-walks, old roses, and old loves.

—Charles S. Ross.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE THAT EVER WAS FOUGHT

By Joaquin Miller

The bravest battle that was ever fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle-shot,
With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song!
No banners to gleam and wave!
But oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on, and on, in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down!

Oh! ye with banners and battle-shot,
And soldier to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways!

Oh! spotless woman in a world
of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you
came,
The kingliest warrior born.

FROM A CHICAGO DAILY PAPER

In home and churches all over the city yesterday Chicagoans celebrated Mother's Day.

Wherever she was, Mother heard from her sons and daughters—wherever they were.

Telegraph boys brought tender messages to her. Florists' delivery boys carried to her great boxes and baskets of flowers. Packages came from the candy stores. And—best of all — the sons and daughters themselves, whenever possible, came home.

For those who could not go home, and for lonely mothers in Chicago, a special service was conducted at the People's Church by the Rev. Preston Bradley.

HANDS

I have seen hands of beautiful
nuns
In cloistered places,
Fragile, delicate as a flower,
As holy as their faces.

I have seen hands of sailor lads
Salty with the sea;
An old man's hands, beaten,
gnarled,
Twisted like a tree.

A gardener's hands I have beheld,
Fragrant with soil and rain;
A lover's hands, defeated,
Building love's dream again.

But lovelier far and nearer God
In any land or weather,
The tender hands of mothers of
men
Holding the world together!

—Daniel Whitehead Hickey.

A PRIZE TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

Youngest of a family of seven girls and a boy, younger than most of her classmates, and an honor student, fourteen-year-old Esther Elwofsky achieves a new distinction and that, by putting down in a few simple words all that she feels for her mother.

Esther is a Brooklyn high-school girl, the daughter of Mrs. Pauline Elwofsky. With more than 600 other children she participated in a nation-wide contest for prizes awarded by the Mother's Day Committee of the Golden Rule Foundation. The children's tokens consist of prose, poetry, and song. Esther's is in prose, in just four paragraphs, in which she compressed all that others have taken volumes to express. Her tribute won the first prize, $50, offered by Mrs. Frank Presbrey, vice-chairman of the Mother's Day committee. It was presented at the Lincoln Building headquarters of the foundation, in New York City, by Charles H. Tuttle, acting chairman of the board of trustees of the Foundation.

Here is Esther's tribute, as it is quoted in **The Times:**

'MOTHER'S DAY

"One day in the year set aside for mothers—how strange a custom! Like setting one day aside to grasp the beauty of the sun, the moon, the stars—all the lovely, natural things that bring warmth, light, comfort.

"Many times I have longed to set my thoughts down upon paper. Not in the flowery language of greeting-cards, but in the simple language of love. I write the words, 'Dear Mother' — lovely tender words — and grow silent beneath the weight of thoughts and memories that, lying buried like precious jewels beneath the dust of years, arise clear and glowing in my mind.

"Impossible to describe the homely beauty of these thoughts:

warm kitchen filled with the scent of bread, sunlight dappling a clean white cloth, touching the rosy apples in their copper bowl; tender memories of loving acts and dreary tasks done smilingly while the sun shone and the years marched swiftly past, and youth, perhaps secretly mourned, passed with it.

"How describe the broad, deep-bosomed earth, symbol of maternity—awakening in the spring of the year, lying fruitful beneath the summer sun, resting from its labors in the autumn and dreaming peacefully wrapt in snowy mantle? Dwelling upon these thoughts we hear borne strong on the wind the galloping hoofs of Time astride the ceaseless cycles of the years, drawing nearer and nearer. Then caught by a vague fear, we say or we think or we write, 'Dear Mother.'"

MEDITATION

"Beautiful and tender spirit of Love, we would garner up all the love we know and bring it today woven into a coronation robe for the memories of our mothers. We would exhaust, at this hour, the very depths of our resourcefulness that out from memory's haunting chambers there may come the inspiration that shall enable us to approximate the perfect tribute. If there ever were a time when we would like thoughts, and words, and music, and prayer, to be the very highest expression, it is today.

So holy would we be that every sin we would ask to be washed away and cleansed; so pure in our thought that we would ask the divine cleansing of the perfect mind; so fine in our hearts and in the association with friends and loved ones that we would ask that every interference to perfect relationship might be taken from us. May we use this moment as a moment of cleansing.

Infinite Love, make us worthy of our mothers, make us worthy of their dreams for us, make us worthy of the names we bear, make us worthy of the sacrifice that they made for us. And if there is one opportunity for cleansing and one moment when we could so sublimate life and lift life into the altitudes of beauty and purity so that we might scan the horizon of our hopes and dreams and know the presence of our mothers, O God of Love and God of Mothers, we would express today from out of our heart, gratitude for our mothers. And we could not close our morning meditation without remembering forgotten mothers, lonely mothers, disillusioned mothers, perhaps homeless mothers. We would not let them think that we have forgotten, and if there is strolling up and down the lanes and byways of this old world a thoughtless son or a forgetting daughter, and other things have crowded life, all that has a tendency to obscure the realities of those early and beautiful associations of life, and somewhere, perhaps sitting beside her radio on this day in some little humble home, or cottage, in some little village, or room in a great apartment house, and now perhaps, sitting there listening, a forgotten mother, may she know that she is not forgotten, may she know that while the whole world pays homage to the known mothers and the mothers of success and triumph, that after all we pause a moment to pay homage to her.

All mothers who are ill and sick today in hospitals, in homes, or wherever they might be, and unable to join in this tribute which we are trying to give to them, may, through the beauty and the miracle of the radio, the hearts of these mothers know too that this service is for them and that every word spoken today in

prayer and poem is also for them. So while we pause during this hour out of our busy lives for our devotion, may we leave this place with a sense of sanctification in our hearts as we go back to make life more happy and beautiful for all others, especially our mothers.

To those privileged to have their mothers by their sides and talk to them and love them, O, may this service result in a renewal of love in its deepest and kindliest aspect, that the loveliest of all love might never know the tragedy of hate.

And dear God, we have never done so before, but may we close today by remembering mothers, sometimes called stepmothers, and fostermothers, who have taken the responsibilities and the love of another's child, and who, denied parenthood themselves, have so frequently been loyal and beautiful to another's child as tho it were her own. Let us honor all mothers, black, white, red, yellow, brown,—Mothers of the World!"

"OUR MOTHERS"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, May 14th, 1933

"I sat thinking, during the rendition of that lovely old song ('Love's Old Sweet Song') by our choir, of the utter futility of words on Mother's Day. Of what value are words today, my words, or any man's, in the presence of the classic example of our mother's love? Words almost seem sacriligious to me today, as far as I am concerned myself, and how lovely it is that we have this Sunday when we don't have to listen to dissertations on economics, or industry or what's the matter with the country, or where civilization is going, or when the depression will be over, or some of these things that are constantly and continually disturbing us all the rest of the week. I don't propose, this morning, to say a sensible thing about any of these great problems of religion, government or education at all.

I am not concerned this morning, in the time in which I am going to speak, in being characterized with 'O, that was a very intellectual discourse.' I am not after intellectuality today at all and I am not interested in discussing the philosophical aspects of Mother love with their biological and pathological background. I am not interested in establishing a reputation as a sophisticate. The fact of the matter is the more I see of sophistication, the less I want to be one. I am not attempting this morning to establish anything of that character at all. I am not one of those today that is going to hide behind the reserve of my intellectuality and say I am not going to evidence any cheap, shoddy emotion on Mother's Day. A person told me yesterday that they were not coming to church this morning because they do not care to be surfeited with a lot of sentimentality, and that Mother's Day services are sentimental things and they are above sentimental things. I would not live with that person. I don't know as I would care to have that person for a very close friend. You know they are what I call 'sophisticates' and I would rather be what Ernest Dimnet said in his book 'What We Live By' where he makes a contradistinction between sophisticates and the other type of indivdual when he says: 'No, he is not a sophisticate, he is an exquiseet.' This is one of the days when I would rather be an 'exquiseet' than a 'sophisti-

cate,' because I am not ashamed of the fact and I am not ashamed of the love in my heart for my mother. While commercialism has done its best to interfere with the real spirit experientially, of this day, yet there is something so fundamentally real and so fundamentally perfect and so fundamentally necessary to the real appreciation of life that I am going to pause, for a moment this day, and make that contribution.

Of course, really, the only mother love that I know anything about in this deep, experiential way, is the mother love which I had myself as a boy, and it left me so early, and yet that love which has dominated my life and which I go back to again and again and again, is not mere sentimental cheapness and shoddiness, it is something deeper than that and more real.

Well, I suppose it sounds rather platitudinous and somewhat bromidic for one to express true gratitude for the kind of a mother one had, but I do this day, and my dear father, who is listening in the little home in which I was born, 265 miles away from this church, today, seated in that little home within fifteen feet of the room where I was born, listening to these words of mine, knows what I am speaking about when I attempt to pay tribute to that mother love in my heart. I look back upon those early years and I am so happy and so glad that I was privileged to have had just the sort of parents which I had, and just the kind of a home which I had. I would not have it changed for the world. When I look back to the first fifteen years of my lifetime I would not have my home changed, and is not that something to say? I would not have it changed for many reasons. One of the big reasons is it was very poor, a very poor home from the standpoint of this world's goods.

Another reason is that it was a very humble home as well, and the poverty which I knew and which we knew, because, as you well know, my father, a little Irish boy who ran away from home when he was fourteen years of age to see this great big wide world of ours and he married my mother, who was just a little country girl, when she was sixteen, and those two youngsters—just children, it seems, when we think of 16 and 19 year old youngsters today, don't we? But they started out life together at 19 and 16 with nothing but a job which my father had working in a carriage factory, and then, a couple of years later when I came along, I remember well of writing in my little copybook when I was a small boy in school, my mother's name "Anna Elizabeth Bradley, aged twenty-nine."

I sort of grew up with my mother, we were both quite young together, and when she went away from me at the age of forty-four and that awful dark day dawned for me and I was awakened in the middle of the night by that awful, awful message which you will find wrapped with a few of the last letters and tied with a colored ribbon tucked away in the secret places of my desk today, and when that message was given to me there was nothing to do but to walk the floor until nine o'clock in the morning. Only forty-four, my mother, when she went away. And you people, as I look out over this vast congregation this morning and see those countless number of red carnations which tell me that your mothers are living, then I think sadly of this white flower which I wear upon my robe to the memory of my own mother!

O, there is so much I would like to say to you, those of you who wear this carnation of the living mother. There is so much I would like to say to you. The comradeship which I had in the few years when I had my little

mother has colored all of my life. like most fathers and mothers that were not privileged to have much education, what we might call culture, in a certain sense, and were not privileged to have much of this world's goods, with no social achievements at all, who lived in a little home where we burned kerosene lamps and had wood fires, and I tell you Michigan winters were long and they were cold, but, O, that sort of did something to the heroic quality of life, it did something, something that I sometimes think steam heat and comfort cannot do, for it has a devitalizing influence upon us today. Do you know what I think we need as much as anything in America? We need to understand and experience again some of the disciplining power which comes from the pioneer strength and spirit. We are at ease in Zion; we are comfortable, we are so comfortable that we are, all of us, flabby and fat. I don't mean by that actual physical fat on the part of some of you, because I know that is not true, I mean a still worse kind of fatness. Do you know a worse kind of fatness than flesh fatness? There is a fatness of the soul? There is a fatness of the the soul, and there is danger ahead for any individual who has flabbiness of the soul, and there is danger for any institution, or nation who has a flabby soul, and it is our souls that are kind of flabby now, and in those days we did not have flabby souls. And like all parents who were not able to have had great educational advantages themselves, the first thing they wanted to do when children came along was to give them the advantages of an education.

Well do I remember my first day at Kindergarten when I was four years old. The school house was right next to our home. By that time I had become so obnoxious that my mother thought that if I went to that school for part of the day she would have just that much more rest and time to care for my little sister who was three years my junior. So I went to Kindergarten, and I am telling you about this because some of our little radio listeners will be interested to know that the first time I went to that little school I wore my grandfather's hat and my grandfather's coat trailing on the ground, and I found his glasses and I put them on, and then in the pocket of the coat I found a pipe, and putting that in my mouth I knocked at the door of the school room that was next door to our house. If you ever go over into that little town of Linden, Michigan, they will tell you about that story. I would not have you think that I was a saint or an angel when I was a little boy for I was not, (and now that I am big I am not either.) I knew where every watermelon patch was and at what time and on what night they were the ripest, and I have never gotten over it as far as that goes, and I don't propose to. (Laughter.)

One of the earliest impressions that my mother made upon me was the fact that mother was always insistent that I be given an opportunity for an education, and my father, who never went to school after he was fourteen years years of age and who pounded iron for half a century, a blacksmith, never relaxed their interest that my sister and I be given an opportunity for education. I don't think they had any other ideal for their children except that they might have an opportunity to get an education. I never can remember the time, all during school, high school, college and university, when my father and mother were not so beautifully interested in what I was doing as a student, and that inspiration is constantly with me to this day.

It was a difficult task with us. As you know, blacksmiths are never rich and they never have

very much money, it was rather difficult to get through High school and college, and when Mr. W. H. Peake said to me one day: 'Preston, how would you like to be a printer?' Well, I always liked books and printing and the smell of the printing office, and he said: 'How would you like to set type on our little paper here, you can work nights and mornings and it will help you with your language, your diction, with your punctuation in writing, you are going to be a minister and it will be a good opening for you.' I learned to set type and if there are any printers here they will be amused when they hear that they had to put a stool on top of a Queen Anne soapbox so that I could reach the printer's case. I learned to set type by hand and I remember setting 30,000 ems of type. There is something about a printer's case that one never forgets. I could go anywhere today and make a living at printing. I still love it, and nothing gives me greater pleasure than to see a beautiful job of printing. There isn't any class of men that I hold higher, professionally, not even including clergymen, than printers; there is a humanity about them that does not pertain anywhere else.

I remember those days, they were difficult days and my father and mother did not know anything about this modern psychology of child training; they did not know about repression, reflexes and complexes. They never consulted a modern psychiatrist, they did not know about psychological reflexes and distorted and twisted personalities. They did not know a solitary thing about all of this surgery of personality that today has been superinduced by the complexities of our modern civilization. All they knew about a family and bringing up children was just common sense. Mother had that basic common sense and she understood discipline. That is difficult to get across to modern parents. (Laughter) When I went to school the teacher was always right and one of the first lessons I was taught in school was that if I got punished in school for what I did there, I got another one when I got home, and there wasn't any use of coming home and crying and booing all over the place and talking about some teacher. They did not know about the psychology of the modern disciplining of the child's will, but they did know this, when anything ever went wrong with me at school, which frequently did, anything that took place between my father, mother and the teacher took place between them alone and not in the presence of the child. That's a little bit of child training that fathers and mothers today could profitably follow. I see more cry-babies, ninnies and sissies that we have developed, dragged along by some adoring mother to the schoolhouse and saying to the teacher: 'Why did you hurt my little Willie?' When the one thing in all the world that Willie should have gotten was denied him to his own future despair and failure. I am glad on this Mother's Day that I had parents that had good native common sense in bringing up children. I don't want to stand here as a classic example of their system, please don't think I am presumptuous, I am not.

In course of time I was able to graduate from the High school after my parents had helped and worked and saved all through the years. There were sixteen in my class, but they were sixteen of the smartest folks that ever lived or graduated from any high school anywhere. (Laughter) We all sat in a nice little row at the commencement exercises — I would not mention it except that we have some students here today from Coyne Electrical School attending in a body this morning. I would like to tell this to them personally and privately, but ob-

viously I cannot do so, but I happened to be the valedictorian of my class, and that means that you are supposed to be the smartest one of the class, and I was the valedictorian of my class, and when I came to this night and the talk that I gave was on 'Opportunity' that was my subject, and I shall never forget it. I looked down from the stage and there were my father and mother seated in the Opera House which held 600 people. It was lighted by kerosene lamps with pieces of tin behind them for footlights. We never had had any operas in the building, nevertheless the exercises were held in the Opera House. I was the speaker and we did not put grease on our hair when we were boys, but nevertheless we had different styles for dress up that we thought very fine; well, my subject was 'Opportunity.' There sat my mother, she had big black eyes, eyes that I don't think all the light will ever go out of them in all the time of eternity, and beside her sat my father, and those knotted hands that had worked and pounded iron for me all of those years, there he sat along side of mother. I looked at them and that audience, I spoke the best I could. Father sat there very straight, with his arms folded, and about him was that air of 'Well, you see there, that's my boy.' (Laughter)

We went home from those exercises that night and sat on the porch of our house and I held in my hand my diploma. I don't know how you can destroy the things so associated with you. I think I have every letter ever written to me by my father and mother. The associations of life are everything, I don't care what they say about it, I don't care what you call it, I am glad for the truly beautiful sentiments of life, they mean everything to me, everything, and I am not ashamed of them. You may be, if you like, but I am not! And then that night, a beautiful June night, there were stars and a laughing moon, we sat there on the steps and the exercises were all over, and I sat between father and mother. Father put his hand on my knee and with the other he grabbed my hand and said: 'Well, boy, we made it, didn't we? For twelve years I have waited to see you get this diploma.' You see he never had had one and it was just like the diploma of my father all over again. That's what we children are. That's what you children are and why don't you think more of it, why not be more considerate of father and mother in these matters?

He waited twelve long years to see me graduate, and he put his hand on my knee and said: 'We did it. What are you going to do now?' 'Well, dad, I would like to go to college.' 'Well,' he said, 'you stick to me and I'll stick to you and we'll go,' and we did. That night when I bade them 'Goodnight' and I took my mother in my arms and grabbed my father by his hands, and I said to these two 'Let's do what we can, and we will do the best we can with life.' The years came and Mother's Day came and it was her last Mother's Day on earth. The little mother went away out into that great experience of the tomorrow of life and then another day came into my life, and with it I shall close.

It is nearly twenty-one years since I came to this church, and all of those years I dreamed of a building, my own church, and I wanted it so beautiful, and I wanted it so adequate and equipped, and all the dreams that I had my whole life was in it. I wanted it to stand out as a great institution of liberal religion to all men, to all people Then a day came in October, dedication day. I don't know how many of you were here, but dedication day came and I walked to this pulpit for the first time, and I looked into the faces of this great audi-

torium filled with hundreds and hundreds of people for the first time, and I stood at this desk for the first time and before this microphone in this church for the first time. I looked into your faces, but I did not preach to you, and I did not preach to the millions that perhaps were out yonder on the air. I may have looked at you but I did not preach to you. Seated down there in my seat just five or six rows from the front of this pulpit sat a man. His clothes were not made by a fashionable Chicago tailor, and his tie was just a plain, simple tie bought in a little country store, and his face was marred by accident, and his hands were knotted and gnarled, but O, I looked into his face, and when I stood in this pulpit for the first time and looked into the face—you know of whom I speak? I'll tell you, my father! I don't know what I said with my lips, but the only thing I was trying to say all the time with my heart was: 'Dad, DAD, we have tried to make good, we have tried to go through, for you!' And then the thought of her, so quietly sleeping yonder in the little village cemetery. My father! My mother! I thank God for them this day.

To all the fathers and to all the mothers of the world may there not be a single mother's heart this day, sad, broken, lonely. Remember this, it sounds old-fashioned, and perhaps it is, but who cares? Remember this, some day you will walk the floor of life's dreams and you would give your life, YOUR LIFE, if you could bring back that unkind word that you said to your mother. You would give your life if you could have her back to make it different, to patch up, straighten up and square away with your mother and life. This is the day to do it. Let not this day's sun set upon any mother anywhere, where the heart is sad, or broken. Write her, telegraph her, go from this service and call her over the long distance telephone. What's $2, $3 or $4.00 today? If there is anything wrong between you and your mother, this is the day to make it right."

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Another of the Uptown Players' successes was presented in Channing Hall March 7, 8, 9 and 10. The play was "The Devil Passes," by Ben Levy and directed by J. Bradley-Griffin.

Both old and new members of the Players combined their talents in the show, which was regarded by many as one of the best staged of the season.

Florence Mellum,, one of the charter members of the group, was outstanding in the role of Mrs. Messiter, wife of the Rev. Herbert Messiter, played by the director, J. Bradley-Griffin. Tom McDermott, playing the part of Mr. Lucy, drew the favorable comment of the critics. Marion Hoffman gave her usual fine performance.

Others in the cast were Edward Zabriskie, Regina Plocinsky, Howard W. Rapport, Andree Lamoureaux and James H. Cook.

This marked the first time a matinee was given by the Uptown Players.

A mystery thriller that thrilled was presented by the Uptown Players in "The Ninth Guest" by Owen Davis on April 25th, 27th and 28th. The play was marked by the excellence of the cast in portraying the characters and the unusual setting, designed and executed by Kenneth Olson.

A number of the new members of the group made their bow in this show.

The cast included E. Charles Best, playing the part of Jason Osgood, Beatrice Cook-Emerson in the role of Mrs. Margaret Chisholm, Louis Ellis, Hawkins; Charles Ludlow, Dr. Murray Chalmers Reid; Matthew Riley, Tim Salmon; Beatrice Jordon,

Sylvia Inglesby; Robert Bainter Bailey, Peter Daly; John Wright, Hank Abbott; and Andree Lamoureaux, Jean Trent.

The back stage crew included George C. Gairing, production manager; Ruth Bosco, assistant production manager; Georgia Riley, promptress; Florence Mellum, properties; Ralph Alswang, assistant properties; Edward Zabriskie, stage manager; Tom McDermott, assistant stage manager; Dick Munster, electrician; Kenneth Olson, designer of the set; and Carl Strom, tickets.

For the final play of the season the Uptown Players will present "Two For Tuesday," by Jean Lea Latham, on May 23, 24 and 25. This is the first presentation of this new play by Miss Latham.

The scene of this play is in a theatrical boarding house and many old favorites will appear in new roles during the presentation. The cast will include Tom McDermott, John Graham, Muriel Anda, Bob Bailey, Dorothy Tanner, Gertrude Needham, Betty Heth, Charles Ludlow, John Wright and Diane Gould.

J. Bradley-Griffin will direct the show.

J. C.

EASTER IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

If there is one time in the church year when a minister desires to be in his best form it is during the Lenten season. I had planned a Lenten season of unusual activity and one which I hoped would result in deepening the spiritual life of the church. Beginning with the arrival of Lent on Ash Wednesday I began a series of Literary Lenten Lectures which were planned to be held only during Lent but the interest was so unusual and the attendance so large I continued them until the last Wednesday evening in April. The average attendance on Wednesday evenings was 1600 people. The response of the people to services of this character convinces me that there is a place for a week night activity in the church. We will resume the Wednesday evening lectures in late fall.

On Friday evening before Palm Sunday and just after my broadcast over WMAQ. of the Round Table I was taken with a severe pain in my left leg which put me in bed for eight days—the first time in my life I was laid up for such a length of time. I was unable to be in my pulpit on Palm Sunday. Dr. Snow, president of Meadville Seminary, most graciously took the pulpit for me and at both Palm Sunday services brought messages of cheer and encouragement to the fine congregations. The morning sermon I heard over the radio in my sick room. It was a new experience and gave me an opportunity of sharing with our radio friends. When I heard the first notes of our processional coming from my loud speaker on that Palm Sunday morning and realized that for the fifth time in nearly twenty-one years I was not in my beloved church my emotions were almost uncontrollable.

It was a beautiful and inspiring service and I am deeply appreciative of Dr. Snow's help. I was unable to be present at any of the Holy Week services. I was to speak every noon at the Erlanger Theater and every night in the church. Dr. Snow preached on Monday noon and Prof. Bowen on Monday evening. At the other services of the week the Rev. John Rushton Heyworth, the eloquent minister of Unity church did the preaching. Again I had the opportunity of listening to the mid-day services for they were broadcast by WBBM. I cannot speak too highly of Mr. Heyworth's sermons. They were an inspiration to me and I know they must have helped his many listeners. At all of these services James Bradley-Griffin assisted in an invaluable way. He read my

brief messages, took the lessons and made the announcements. At the Round Table over WMAQ on Friday evening of Holy Week he read the address I had prepared and also gave two beautiful Good Friday poems. His perfect radio voice, his unusual interpretative ability in reading have been appreciated, as many letters have been received commenting on his work and spirit. It was comforting to have him carry on so splendidly and acceptably. Everyone was most kind. Letters and telegrams arrived every day at my bedside. They cheered and sustained me but it was a very difficult time for me. All my life I have been active. Work is my greatest blessing and then to be completely "laid on the shelf" during the busiest week of all the year was a severe blow. Yet the disciplining was needed and it taught me a valuable lesson.

Almost my only desire during Holy Week was to be in my pulpit on Easter. I had never missed and I wanted my record to stand. I said little to the members of my family but I had made up my mind that I would preach Easter. Saturday night I had a good sleep. I awakened early Easter morning. Leaden skies greeted me. My spirit sank. It was cold and soon a mist could be seen blowing in from the lake. In a short time it started to rain. Easter Day! My leg pained me quite badly; I was almost on the verge of giving up going to the church. There was little Easter gladness and joy in my heart. And then I recalled some of my own philosophy which I had given to others. "The test of character is what we do in an emergency." Do any of my readers recall my saying that many times? I am sure you do. I thought. I prayed!

I wanted to preach that day as never before. I felt I could. I had not stood on my feet for eight days. Yet I felt I could go through. At ten o'clock I arose, dressed and at 11:00 o'clock walked into the pulpit. True. I had to walk leaning heavily on my cane. James drove me in his car to the back entrance near the vestry. It was raining hard, not especially good weather for a sufferer with sciatica. The moment I reached the pulpit I felt better. I had wondered ever since awakening and observing the weather what sort of a congregation there would be. A good congregation is a delight to every minister. I was inspired when I looked into the faces of my congregation that Easter morning. Every seat was occupied and people were standing on all three floors of the auditorium. What does the weather matter? Let it rain! Easter never was an external experience anyway. I was overjoyed Was any man ever more fortunate in the loyalty and affection of his people? To be worthy of it all is my constant prayer. The other day I read over the sermon I preached Easter. It wasn't much of a sermon. The things unsaid were more significant than any thing said. The love of my people was my Easter. There was a spirit of triumph and gratitude present. I felt it every moment of the service. The musical program was vibrant with good cheer and victory. There was no defeatism or apology in that service. Good can never be permanently banished by evil. That is the very essence of the Easter truth. What grave could ever hold the Eternal? Easter was coronated in our hearts. After the service they brought a chair to the foot of the vestry steps and there I sat for over an hour greeting the people who came down to see me. I was back again in the pulpit at three for the afternoon service—Another great experience. I received 100 new members into the church and dedicated 11 little children. Then a short rest and at 7:30 that evening I was in the pulpit for the third time and

preached an hour before a congregation that packed every corner of the auditorium, with the overflow congregation in Channing Hall listening on the amplifiers. Well I must admit it was a tired preacher who went to bed that night. When the light was out and the events of the day were lived over again I said a prayer of gratitude that Easter took me back to my own pulpit and to the people I love.

Since then I have been doing all my work without interruption. The Sunday evening services were continued until the last Sunday in April as was also the Wednesday evening meetings.

It will soon be vacation time which to me this year will be rest time. No long European jaunts, no tiresome journeys,—just woodland trails, little rivers, and hours in a little study by an old pine on a little island. Only one sorrow will mar the tranquility and beauty of my summer—my dear pal of twelve years will not be here to roam by my side—for dear old Tim is dead. He was only a dog—but-what-a-dog! He was my truest friend. A few days ago his noble heart grew too tired and stopped. The little island will not seem quite the same. I will miss his friendly greeting when I return from travelling to and fro. There is a vacant place beside my desk where he used to sleep. I'll miss his curly head resting on my knee when he caressingly coaxed me to go on one of our jaunts together. He never left me winter or summer. It was I who went away from him. But he is gone now. Not far just to the end of the trail and when I get to the end of that trail my Tim will be there wagging his stubby tail, barking a welcome and, who knows, perhaps, together we will go journeying on just as we always did on a trail that leads on and on and on! I named him after a lad loved and immortalized by Charles Dickins—Tiny Tim. And with his benediction I close, for there is a mist in my eyes and an ache in my heart,—"God Bless us all." —Preston Bradley.

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Preston Bradley kept the following engagements during the month of April:

2—Two Sermons. The Peoples Church
3—Laymen's League
4—Meeting, Board of Trustees
5—Address, Engineer's Society
5—Address, Peoples Church
6—Address, Marquette University
7—Address, WMAQ, Round Table
8—Home
9—Home
10—Home
11—Home
12—Home
13—Home
14—Home
15—Home
16—Three Sermons, The Peoples Church
17—Home
18—Home
19—Address, The Peoples Church
20—Home
21—Radio Address, WMAQ
23—Two Sermons, The Peoples Church
24—Address, Emerald M. Church
25—Address, Long Lake Woman's Club
26—Address, Peoples Church
26—Address, Jewish Temple
27—Address, I. W. L. A. Convention
27—Meeting, National Directors
28—Address, NBC Broadcast
28—Acceptance Address
28—Address, Annual Banquet
28—Address, WMAQ Round Table
29—Address, Chicago Blind Association
30—Two Sermons, The Peoples Church.

I disagree with every word you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire.

WEDDINGS

6—Frank Roth and Angela Quesnay.
9—William L. Sowicky and Mary Smith.
2—Fred C. Yeager and and Irene Bainen.
2—Elmer C. Braeseke and Jean Neill.
4—Carl Andeln and Ruth M. Kasper.
5—William Ritzmand and Lyla White.
26—Reinhardt J. Stahl and Edith D. Bowman.
29—Charles E. Hollander and Vivian H. Andrus.

FUNERALS

3—Auphin J. Brown, Interment Rosehill.
3—Mrs. E. O. Burroughs, Interment, Graceland.
5—Mrs. Herman Riley, Interment, Horton, Kan.
25—Mrs. Imogene Brown, Interment, Rosehill.

THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS WERE RECEIVED ON EASTER DAY

Mrs. Anna Anderson, 3234 North Hoyne Avenue
Miss Sylvia Barabas, 3544 North Racine Avenue
Mr. Anton Barta, 3906 Greenview Avenue
Miss Eloise Beaty, 1264 Winona Avenue
Mr. Robert A. Beebe, 6157 McClellan Avenue
Mrs. W. H. Bentley, 4509 Hazel Avenue (from Granville Ave. M. E. Church)
Mr. W. H. Bentley, 4509 Hazel Avenue
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bentley, 4509 Hazel Avenue
Mr. C. Willis Bolinger, 1304 North Shore Avenue
Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bowman, 830 Sunnyside Ave. (from Granville Ave. M. E. Ch.)
Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Brodshau, 1225 Granville Avenue
Mr. and Mrs. John C. Brouwer, 3827 Sixty-second Street, Cicero, Illinois
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Carlton, 132 Ozanam Avenue, Park Ridge, Illinois
Miss Elva Jane Carter, 2657 Farwell Avenue
Mr. Jack Cheney, 931 Lakeside Place
Mr. C. Clavijo, 1223 Lawrence Avenue
Miss Violet Cleland, 6045 South Peoria Street
Mr. Marshall Cook, 12 S. Spaulding Street
Mrs. W. H. Cooke, 3909 North Kildare Avenue
Miss Dorothy Daubach, 3845 North Harding Avenue
Mr. and Mrs. H. Demmler, 4441 North Kostner Avenue
Miss Jeanne I. Edenheim, 425 Surf Street
Mr. E. V. Essington,4451 North Paulina Street
Miss Bessie Ferguson, 1709 Sherman Avenue, Evanston, Illinois
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence S. Fisk, 2649 Greenleaf Avenue
Mr. Arthur J. Francis, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Room 468
Miss Britt Gilbert, 1709 Sherman Avenue, Evanston, Illinois
Miss Marjorie C. Hamilton, 1339 Estes Avenue
Mr. Aage Holm-Hansen, and Mr. Kai Holm-Hansen, 1020 Lawrence Avenue
Miss Sara Hedberg, 6318 Kenwood Avenue
Mr. Lawrence Hedberg, 2335 North Lavergne Avenue
Mr. H. B. Hersether, 4655 Kenmore Avenue
Mrs. Kurt J. Hirsch, 2415 Wabansia Avenue
Mr. Kurt J. Hirsch, 2415 Wabansia Ave. (from St. Simon's Lutheran Church).

Miss Erika A. Hirschberg, 1525 Hollywood Avenue
Miss Mabelle Hooker, 1304 North Shore Avenue
Miss Marguerite L. Huberty, 535 Cornelia Avenue
Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hunter, 7110 Sheridan Rd. (from 1st M. E. Ch., Duluth, Minn.)
Mrs. David H. Jackson, 6200 Kenmore Avenue
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jensen, 6069 North Hermitage Avenue
Miss Ruth C. Larson, 2145 North Mozart Street (Metropolitan Spiritualist Ch.)
Mr. Charles Lehman, 1836 Berwyn Avenue
Miss Darby Lillard and Mrs. Hazel Lillard, 718 Bittersweet Place
Miss Marion MacKenzie, 921 Eastwood Avenue
Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur J. Marik, 3814 Belden Avenue
Mrs. May McKenny, 3438 Elaine Place
Mr. Jay Melind, 2017 Roscoe Street
Mr. Herman Munk, 3439 Bosworth Avenue
Mrs. Beatrice Nicolaus, 2208 West Capitol Drive, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Mr. and Mrs. Adam C. Oldenburg, 1718 East 55th Street
Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Y. Patterson, Palos Park, Illinois
Mrs. Gertrude M. Penn, 833½ Sunnyside Avenue
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Horace Perrin, 922 Lakeside Place
Mrs. Aura Peters, 533 Belmont Avenue
Mrs. Mabelle Prassas, 4907 N. Fairfield Ave. (from Buena Mem. Pres. Ch.)
Miss Elizabeth Madeline Reeder, 2912 Mildred Avenue
Miss Helen Sargent, 4512 Malden Street
Mr. Wm. A. Schumacher, 4921 Magnolia Avenue
Mrs. L. Sherley W. Seguin, 4832 Lake Park Avenue
Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Stille, 6225 North Mozart Street
Mrs. Helen Strickler, 1020 Lawrence Avenue
Mrs. Frieda Sullivan, 451 Wrightwood Ave. (Baptist Ch., Kansas City, Mo.)
Mrs. Loretta Sweeney and Mr. Marshall Sweeney, 2218 Leland Avenue
Mrs. Emily Thompson, 3257 North Hoyne Avenue
Dr. Edith M. Wheeler, 159 North State Street
Mrs. A. Wild, 720 North 17th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Mr. Marshall R. Wright, 4744 Malden Street
Mrs. W. E. Young, 549 Aldine Ave. (from Broadway M. E. Ch., Paducah, Ky.)
Miss Ann Mothick, 5127 Parker Ave.
Miss Evelyn Johnsen, 2832 N. 75th Ave., Elmwood Park
Mrs. Lawrence Bergen, 8731 Emerald Ave.
Mrs. Louis Lintner, 7356 N. Damen Ave.
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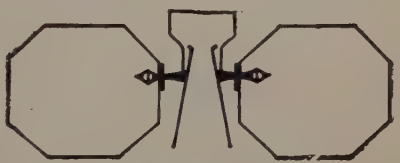

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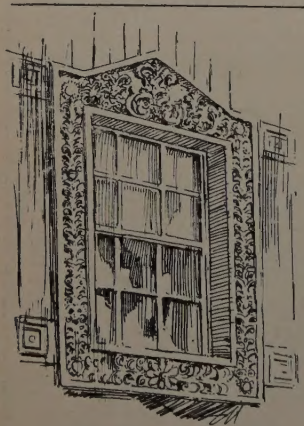

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